

CARTER SEE
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RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP



A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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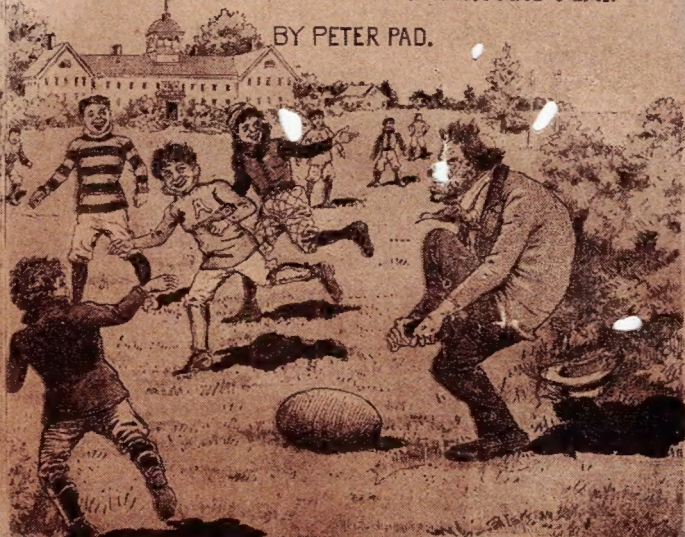
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TOMMY BOUNCE AT SCHOOL.

OR

THE FAMILY MISCHIEF AT WORK AND PLAY.

BY PETER PAD.



A hungry fish never jumped for a fly quicker than Pike went for that wooden ball. Thinking they had kicked it that much ahead of them, he ran out and kicked it with all his might. The next instant he was doubled up like a sick lobster, holding his damaged foot in his hands and howling with pain.

SNAPS, THE COMIC WEEKLY or TICKLING GRANDPA'S RIBS

By Roundup's Ima Tellinya
(Charles Duprez)

A number of the Brotherhood have asked me to do a sequel to Handsome Harry, and so being the most obliging cuss this side of Mass. thought I'd take a whack at it. Reckless pays \$4.99 cents a word for this awful line I have, so why not cash in, baby needs shoes, and the family needs a vacation to Europe or some place.

This narrative will not be about Handsome Harry, I am going to make Grandpaw our hero, the same feller I mentioned so despairingly. The reason I am going to give the old boy all this publicity, something he never dreamed of when still able to wiggle his toes is that he was a sure enough died in the wool dime novel fan. So first to Grandpaw, and if you don't want to hear about him, flitter along further on when I'll tell you about Snaps.

Let me give you a mental snap shot, he stood exactly, by actual measure 5 ft. and a half inches, 225 pounds of solid fat, with no muscles visible. A chest that had slipped so far down on his structure, standing at attention he could barely see the tips of his shoes. In fact he tried playing golf one day, but when they placed the ball where he could see it, couldn't hit it, when placed where he could hit the ball he couldn't see it, so he gave up golf. To make the

picture still more in focus, he greatly resembled our parlor stove, with the exception the stove had four legs, something Grandpa could have used an extra pair of legs, on the nights returning from the village tavern.

So now you have the chassis. The whiskers I dwelt upon in Handsome Harry, but thinking it over about that spinach, a full 14 inches of drooping fungus, there was among my boy friends much discussion and a few bets, just where did Old Pot Belly Mike keep them when tucked in his bed? Pot Belly was only given voice to when he was far out of hearing distance. The whiskers, did he stow them over or under the blankets? Even Grandma didn't know, she usually was asleep when he finally rolled in, believe it or not Mr. Ripley, wives did sleep with their mates even in those days. She didn't even wake up when his loud boisterous voice could be heard, to get her darn big feet over. In the winter time however his back always being so cold the feet were quite welcome.

The question about just where the whiskers rested for the night kinda bothered us all. After Grandma passed away it still was an unsolved question. So it was finally voted upon and seconded to ask Uncle Willie to spend a night with him, he couldn't sleep well anyway without his nip and a sleeping pill, therefore with the promise of a slight financial reward Uncle agreed. We eagerly awaited the following morn to settle this matter once and for all. But fate plays

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strange tricks, during the night deep tragedy stepped in, Uncle passed out permanently and to this day the secret lies buried with Uncle Willie. As Reckless Ralph so nicely puts it in Newsy News, May God be with him always—unquote—Secret and all.

So back to our hero. He did have a very keen sense of humor, true it was strictly of the pie throwing and kick in the pants variety, and when a nice shiny gloriously colored copy of Snaps entered the portals of our unpalatial residence, Muldoon the Solid Man, he grabbed it quick, like a drowning man at a straw. He had to be quick, Aunt Nellie was due back any minute, and with a nice new candle he hid himself up the creaky stairs to his private bood-wah all set to have a swell time for himself.

It wasn't long before we heard shrieks of merriment being broadcasted from the upper regions so we knew what was afoot. Muldoon was playing to a most enthusiastic audience. This meant that Grandpa would turn burglar if necessary in order to possess any further copies of that library. Not only further copies, but all that went before, Muldoon the first to appear in Snaps was No. 13. Snaps ran for 72 numbers, and he did finally possess them all putting the family into a very embarrassing spot financially at times, our one worry was he might laugh himself to death, especially not having made out a will or nuthin—we had kinda figured dividing up the twenty-five bucks a guy owed him—over a period of years.

Wm. Burns of Ye Brotherhood did a swell article about Muldoon in No. 55 of the Happy Hours Mag., March-April 1934, but in this he merely mentioned Snaps once. He goes quite a pace however giving a number of the plots, etc. More power to you Brother Burns, let's have some more.

Snaps No. 1, Tommy Bounce the Family Mischief was dated Oct. 11th 1899, and wound up No. 72 Feb. 20th, 1901. All the numbers were reprints of the old black and white Comic Library. These ran for 197 issues, 1892 to 96. Must have gone over much bigger in those days.

Many characters were scattered throughout Snaps, but no character ran more than 2 numbers in sequence. If any of you brothers happen to have a copy of No.'s 71 or 72, on the back, titles of the entire set is given, with the authors.

Only four authors were mentioned, although I'm quite sure there were more, as for instance Peter Pad. By digging into some back numbers of Roundup, No. 6, dated June 1931 it states, Peter Pad supposed to be Geo. G. Small who by the way died at the age of 51 at Hotel Bartholds, N. Y. City, March 10, 1886—Small wrote some of them, Edward E. TenEyck and Cecil Burleigh also became Peter Pad. Burleigh died Dec. 2nd, 1921. Small seemingly the oldest shows how really old these stories are. The other three authors were Sam Smiley, Com Ah Look, and Tom Teaser.

Now other characters who were very prominent through Snaps were The Shortys, Father and Son, Little Mike Mulligan, Skinny the Tin Peddler was quite a favorite of mine, only ran for two issues. These characters were mentioned in Mr. Burns article besides Muldoon.

Grandpa knew all about the entire gang, and many a night we had to sit and listen to the side splitting (he thought so) antics he did as a boy. Two of them I remember very well. Great detail was given on how the neighbors door knobs would have a thick coating of glue slapped all over 'em, generally when the time drew near for the men folks to come home from work. The other was the tick tack on the window pane gadget. Before the modern bottle caps came in, the beer bottles would have attached a rubber washer which was pressed into place. Grandpaw would take off the washer, insert a screw into the hole, attach a long string to the thread of the screw, and on the other end of the string he made a lot of knots. Now—he'd slip up to some neighbor's window after dark, wet the washer which would then act as a suction cup, Mother's darling then withdrew to a safe distance, ran the fingers over the knots, causing quite a rattle on the window.

Soon as the annoyed neighbor started to raise the window to see who the heck was throwing stuff against the window, a quick pull on the string and all the evidence was removed, perhaps today they still wonder what the heck it was. Now don't you fellers get frisky and try that stunt.

Our hero also was quite a story teller and only one he told kinda sticks in my mind. It was all about the feller who painted the village church steeple from the bottom up, and had to stay on the peak for two days until the paint dried.

Coming back to the covers, they really were something. Reckless Ralph, the Glammer Boy of Grafton loaned me the entire set, mostly to have Nameless Joe make a set of photos there from and to write this article. I tried to interest a few of my editor friend to run a few along with the modern so called comics, as a contrast, but they were afraid of offending various nationalities as Tousey's artists sure did exaggerate. Muldoon was always a most homely baboon, an ordinary monkey would have turned away in disgust, a German was always with pot belly a la Weber and Fields, and my Grandpa, the Jewish gentlemen as per No. 60—Ikey or He Never Got left. Here especially, we find him with a schnozzle that puts to shame the average poll parrot. I can see the editor's viewpoint—so—no sale.

All right fellers you can go back to your knittin now, I'm getting to the end of this effort, I'm about set to do a fade out, put Grandpa and Snaps back among the cob webs and moth balls. One of these days I will be back with another sad tale, but before that happens Reckless tells me he intends getting the brothers all steamed up with an article about MY Queen, and written by a very famous authoress, Fanny Wiggles by name. She read the entire set as a gal, before the wrinkles set in, and her girl friend Rosie Bottom is going to help. I know the opposite sex is bound to stir some dormant reaction in most of the brothers, well in this case there jest ain't no age lim-

it. So from the slight ripple of not to offend applause I seem to hear, I bow myself gracefully off stage.

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Sy Seidman is after old Police Gazette for the 1880's to 1890's, if any one has any, write 505 5th Ave., New York City.

Carl Linville is in the veterans hospital up at Dayton, Ohio, but if you write him, write to his home address. He is feeling somewhat better than he did, but as a fellow says, we don't get well quick enough, it takes time. We know you'll pull through Carl, so we all send you our get well wishes through Roundup, also to Tilman LeBlanc also who has been sick, also to any other brother as well.

Ye editor of Newsy News spent 10 days down to Tilman's a short time ago, while he was recuperating from hit and run bandits, 2 broken ribs, pneumonia from exposure, and what-not. We'll have to put Old King Brady on the trail.

I got tangled up with one of those buzz saws myself (a loggers chain saw) and how they just love to bite in to a nice juicy finger. Long's I didn't lose the finger (little finger on my left hand), it's all right, but I came very near having it sawed off. Anyway, to make a long story short, it's coming along very slow, but I'll get there. No more buzz saws for me, as Charlie Duprez says.

James T. Jackson, ex-circus musician, died at Leominster, Mass. Nov. 17th, 1952, age 77, at 58 George St. He was a well-known musician who formerly played with the Barnum & Bailey Circus bands, and with several local bands.

L. C. Skinner of Pawtucket, R. I., just about gets around, and that's all, he sure has had a very long hard pull of it, and we all send our very best to you Pal.

Smoke Signals for New England Red-Men is no more as it was just discovered that an Indian mag has been running longer than the above, so Smoky is looking for a new name. This was published by one of our Bro.

members, Frank E. Henry, P.G.S.

Bro. Guinon says: The article by one Julius Hassenfeffer in the Round-up brought back old times very vividly, although I never went in much for Three Chums as that would have been treason to the Merriwell boys, whose faithful follower I was. But in later years I acquired a complete set of Three Chums in perfect condition at a tiny fraction of what such a set would cost nowadays, and kept it for awhile just for the pleasure of looking at the outrageous pictures. Probably the best of all those pictures was the one of Ben Bright turning a somersault over his guard's head in a football game but there were many others. That Tousey artist had a queer something on the ball that made his pictures fascinating; sometimes I thought he came pretty near to making cartoons out of his novel covers, as for instance those of the James Boys Weekly. Like practically all the novel artists of those days, he knew very little about athletics and his attempts to picture football, baseball and other common sports of the era were ludicrous. For instance, on No. 3 of Three Chums he shows Ben Bright "kicking a goal from the 45-yard line" when actually the picture seems to show Ben about three feet from the uprights. Get it out some time and look at it.

Again ye editor is in the lime-light, here I am hopping around on three legs, a bunged up finger, and Lord only knows what else, besides being way behind in my correspondence but don't worry, I'll get my right fin a working overtime with that lead pencil of mine, and every one will be answered in jig time.

Bro. E. Dudley Evans is coming around very slowly, after being sick a very long time, a long hard grind, and we know he'll come through all right, for we all wish you the very best of everything Pard—same goes to any other sick brother, or their families.

A. W. Lawson wants Boys of New York, Nos. 750 and 777. If you have them, get in touch with ye editor of Newsy News.

Golden Hours Nos. 617 to 652 were

in colors, all the rest of them were in black and white illustrations.

SON OF JIM BRIDGER DIES

Felix James Bridger, 100, who fought 20 years in wars with the Indians, in the Boxer Uprising in China, the Spanish-American War and the First World War and was the son of the famous scout and trapper, Jim Bridger, at Evanston, Wyoming — from the Philadelphia Inquirer, Nov. 26, 1952, sent in by J. Edward Leithead.

(Advertisements)

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PAT-ON-THE-BACK DEPT.

The Dime Novel Round-Up is an excellent way for collectors and dealers to get scarce, hard to find literature of all kinds. It sure gets results. —Robert C. Bayless in letter to the

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Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Mass.